

Profusely
Illustrated,
Choicely
Printed,
Elegantly
Bound.
Price 3/6.

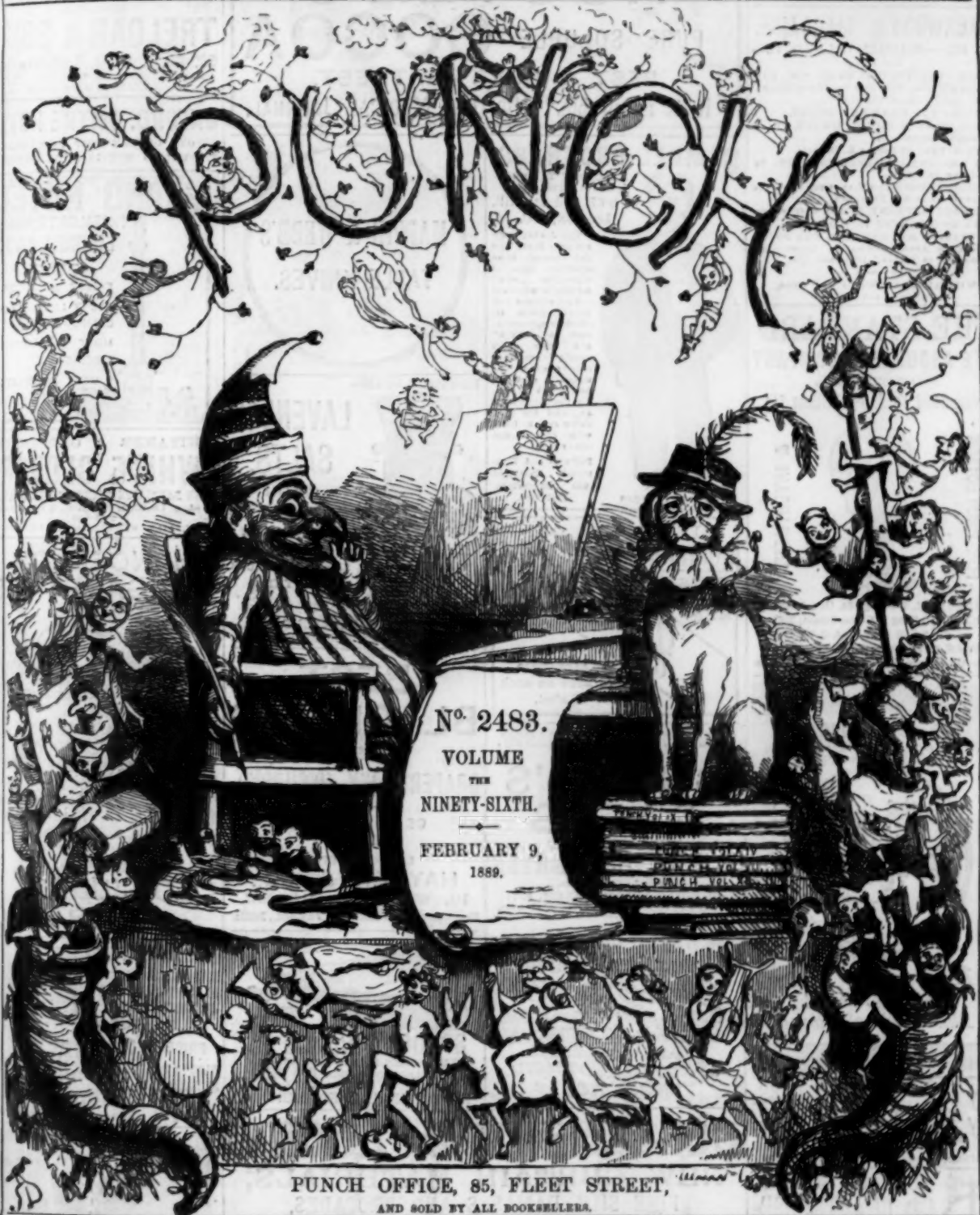
'Happy Thoughts' Birthday Book.

Price 6/-
in cloth
gilt edges,
price 5/-
in boards.

Mr. Punch's M.P.'s

"IN SESSION."

By HARRY FURNISS.



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER

FOR BREAKFAST.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BRADDOCK'S NOVELS.
Price 6s. ornamental cover, 12s. 6d. cloth.
THE FATAL THREE: A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.
"A really able romance, woven out of the lives of men and women such as we meet and know in the world around us."—*Advertiser*.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.
No. 880.—FEBRUARY, 1889.—2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.
MAJOR BARTLETT'S CAMP ON THE ARUNWILL. With Map and Plan of Camp.
LADY BART. CHAP. VII.—IX.
MINICOT; THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.
SCENES FROM A SILENT WORLD. By a French Visitor.
TITUS OATES. By ROBERT E. DOUGLAS.
WHY I BECAME A LIBERAL UNIONIST. By GEORGE DOUGLAS.
A PHILANTHROPIST: A TALE OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT SAN FRANCISCO.
LAURENCE OLIPHANT. By M. O. W. OLIPHANT.
LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN SCOTLAND.
SIR PATRICK MAXWELL AND THE DEVIL.
NOTE TO ADVICE: "CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE," IN "MAGA," DECEMBER, 1888.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
Edinburgh and London.

**THE STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**
ESTABLISHED 1825.
Accumulated Fund, 6½ Millions Stg.

FOR PROTECTION



& INVESTMENT

EDINBURGH, 8 George St. (Head Office)
LONDON, 28 King William Street, E.C.
2 Pall Mall East, S.W.
DUBLIN, 66 Upper Sackville Street.
Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies

EDINBURGH, 9, ST. ANDREW SQUARE

Established for Mutual Life Assurance—1815.

The Scottish Widows' Fund.

1888—
The Assets exceed Nine Millions Sterling.

LONDON, 2, CORNHILL, E.C.

Try THE "PLANET" PENS.
Try THE "PLANET" PENS.
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS,
in 6d., 1s., and gross boxes.
JOHNSON BROS., MAKERS, BIRMINGHAM.

**LIQUEUR OF THE
Gde. CHARTREUSE.**
This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of the wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom, and at a considerably low price than formerly. Sole Importers, W. DOYLE & SONS, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

VAN HOUTEN'S PURE SOLUBLE COCOA

BEST & GOES FARTHEST.
"It is admirable."—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
OUTFITTERS, &c.,
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill,
LONDON, E.C.



YOUTHS' EVENING DRESS.

This Jacket (with ordinary Dress Vest and Trousers) is an accepted form of "Evening Dress" for Youths who have not yet adopted Full Evening Dress. Its effective appearance over the "Eton" and other styles usually worn is at once apparent. The materials used are fine Black Twill, Elastic, Superfine, &c., and the Roll Collar may be faced with rich corded silk or satin. Patterns and Illustrated Catalogue (600 Engravings) Post Free.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT
OF MEAT**

Liebig's

See Signature in Blue on each Label.

THE BURGLARY SEASON.
CHUBB'S SAFES
WILL PREVENT JEWEL ROBBERIES
PARK LANE SHOW CASE.
139, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.;
68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, Pall Mall, London.

*Foreign Medicines
& Toilet Articles &c.
Robertson & Co.
Chemists, 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris
Keep at their London House
76, New Bond St. E.W.
all French & Foreign
Medicines &c.*

COLLINSON & LOCK'S
NEW CURTAIN MATERIALS,
FINE SILK DAMASKS AND BROCADES,
BROCATELLES AND TAPESTRIES,
CRETONNES, CHALLIS, AND CHINTZES
of the Finest Designs and Colourings.
AN IMMENSE CHOICE ON VIEW AT REASONABLE PRICES.
68 to 80, OXFORD STREET, W.

**MAPPIN & WEBB'S
TABLE KNIVES.**

INVIGORATING
LAVENDER SALTS.
Registered.
THE POPULAR NEW SMELLING SALTS OF THE
CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
177, New Bond St. Sold everywhere.

**BEST
BLACK INK
KNOWN.**
DRAPER'S INK (DICHROIC).
Of all Stationers.

LONDON DEPOT:
HAYDEN & CO.,
10, Warwick Square, E.C.
Manufacturers, BEWLEY & DRAPER, Ltd., Dublin.

REGISTERED.

PRICE.
IN LEATHER CASE, BLACK HANDLE, ST. IVORY DO. 7/6
SPROCK'S
REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND, FROM ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT FROM ENGLISH DEPOT.
138 DIGBETH, BIRMINGHAM

Treloar & Sons, Ludgate Hill.
TURKEY CARPETS.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
QUOTATIONS BY POST FOR ANY SIZE IMPORTERS.

TRELOAR & SONS,
68, 69, and 70, Ludgate Hill.
A CATALOGUE OF THE BEST FLOOR COVERINGS POST FREE.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM

GRAND HOTEL
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, ENG.
FINEST SITUATION.
EVERY LUXURY AND COMFORT.
MOST RECHERCHÉ CUISINE.
VERY MODERATE TARIFF.

WHITAKER & GROSSMITH
"WHITE CLOVER."
THE FAVOURITE SCENT OF THE SEASON.
2s. 6d. of Chemists, Perfumers, Store, or direct, post free.
22, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.

CHANCELLOR CIGARETTES.



OLD JUDGE TOBACCO.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS, IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET
PRICE 2/6.
ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX
PRICE 1/-
SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-

**ROWLAND'S
DENTON**
Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.



DISABILITY.

"OH—A—DAVIS, COULD YOU BLOW THE ORGAN FOR ME THIS AFTERNOON AT ST. ANN'S?"

"I DOUBT I WON'T BE MUCH USE, MISS. I'AD BROWN-KITIE ONCE, AND DOCTOR SES AS I'M TOUCHED IN THE WIND!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVELTY IN DRAWING ROOM DECORATION.—You are quite right in these days, in your opinion, that to be "peculiar" is everything, and some of your ideas for stealing a march on your neighbours in the matter of originality are quite admirable. Your papering your drawing-room ceiling with back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph* is, to begin with, a most happy inspiration. By all means have up the kitchen dresser. You can cover this with cracked soup-plates and tubs containing large laurel plants. These, too, you may continue round the room on brackets, placing several conspicuously on the over-mantel. Your suggestion, too, that you should paint your muslin curtains in broad stripes or spots with ASPINALL'S Enamel is excellent. Your floors, dado, arm-chairs, rugs, cushions, could also with advantage be treated with this useful decorative compound. Fill up the corners of your room with trophies of straw, and, taking up your carpet, cut it in lengths, and nail it tapestry-wise in festoons over your doors. This is very effective. But your taste will direct you, and you will soon find that, with a very little effort, you can easily succeed in rendering your rooms remarkable.

LION TAMING.—Your safest plan of becoming an efficient "Lion Tamer" would be, unquestionably, as you suggest, to secure two three-day-old cubs, and feed them by hand in your own drawing-room with raw mutton-chops. As soon, however, as they begin to grow you must be on the look out; they are sure to spring on you sooner or later. We believe a great deal can be done with a glass eye, red-hot pincers, and a heavily-loaded riding-whip; but we should advise you, when the creatures are full-grown, to keep them in something more secure than the hen-house you mention. Your best plan, when they are really getting savage, would, perhaps, be to take a few finishing lessons of any well-known "Lion King." Your desire to accomplish the feat of holding your head in the brute's mouth is natural, and does credit to your professional spirit, but we would recommend you to make your first essay on some aged beast, who has lost all his teeth, and has *already dined*. But if you are determined to succeed in this risky experiment, you had better take

PATERFAMILIAS LOQUITUR.

THE holidays are o'er! no more we see
Boots in all places where no boots should be;
No more the hungry brood sweeps clear the platter
With the perpetual grace of cheery chatter;
No more the bolster battle-cries are borne
Through the warm slumbers of the early morn.
No more indignant JAMES comes in to tell
How Master TOM has stormed his citadel,
And, scorning covert threat, and suasion soft,
Rules for an hour the monarch of the loft.
Once more 'tis safe the shrubbery paths to tread
Without a javelin hurtling by one's head;
No longer lurk behind the orchard-trees
White-headed Indians, chubby Soudanese;
And neighbouring pigs wallow with wonted grace,
Free from the terrors of the sudden chase.
Again we face the frost, without dismay
Lest we be called to skate an hour ere day,
Or with a book endure a day-long fall
Secure from lawless cricket in the hall.
Now in the servants' mystic realm again
Their ancient order and decorum reign;
Yet can I read in BINE's, the butler's, eye,
A latent sorrow for the larks gone by.
Unruffled now in temper, and in look
Sedate and calm once more is Mrs. Cook.
Yet all her larder's treasures she'd explore,
And spend her skill to greet the boys once more.
The Coachman, as a Lord Chief Justice grave,
His loved solemnity no more must waive;
Majestic silence seals his lips, and yet
I know his dignity is half regret.
For now the lords of home's fair pastures free,
Plunge in the schoolroom's fierce democratic;
Now in reluctant ears the school-bell sounds;
On the soaked grass once more the football bounds;
The home-sick novice hears the horrid thud,
And headlong prints his flannels in the mud.
Now ponder sullen brows o'er HOMER's page,
While luckless masters share ACHILLES' rage,
And rising scholars mourn their studious lot,
And brand the classic bards as "awful rot."
Ah! though at home the endless clamours cease,
There is much desert to a little peace.
Come, Easter, come, to Pater and to boys,
And bring them back with all their tricks and noise.

the bull by the horns and attempt it *in a diver's helmet*. This may somewhat incommode and even surprise the lion; but, on the whole, it will give you your best chance of coming through the ordeal in safety.

TO REMOVE THE EFFECT OF INKSTAINS ON BLUE SATIN FURNITURE.—Having had the misfortune to upset a bottle of ink over the light blue satin seat of an armchair of your handsome Louis XIII. drawing-room suite, your best plan will be to make the rest of it match as simply as possible. Get, therefore, several more bottles of ink and proceed to "spotch" all the other chairs, sofas, and ottomans recklessly in like manner. Having done this, give out to your friends boldly that it is a new Japanese design from Paris, and you may be tolerably sure that though they will stare, they will admire and finally endeavour to match it. A red-hot poker and blotting-paper will be of no use. Don't hesitate, therefore, but go boldly to work.

HOW TO UTILISE A FIRE-ESCAPE.—We think that having won the fire-escape in the raffle you mention, you were bound to receive it on delivery, and think you have done wisely to consign it, for the moment, to your front area. Take care, however, that it does not prove a means of admitting a burglar to your top storey, upon which, while the fire-escape occupies its present position, you will certainly do well to keep one or two armed detectives continually on the *qui vive*. Yes, you can certainly cut off the ladder and turn it into kitchen chairs, and use the carriage part as a sort of low-pitched dog-cart, and, hiring a cab-horse, put in an appearance in it, as you suggest, in the park. But painted black it would make a nice sort of handy open, two-wheeled hearse, that might possibly be patronised now and then by a deceased friend of a sporting turn. This is only a suggestion. But think it out. There is something in it.

WE read in the *Times* that "the *Illustrated London News* has offered to erect a facsimile of SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE on the Champ de Mars during the Exhibition." Of course "The House of MOLIERE" will be delighted. Perhaps the plans will be designed by Mr. IRVING, who says he can draw a good house for SHAKESPEARE at any time.

"HANDS OFF!"

*Luisy Landmann del.*

Jonathan. "SCUSE ME, STRANGER,—MY GAL!"

WHAT'S your little game to-day?
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 Oh, yes, I know your winning way
 With any charmer found astray,
 But once again I beg to say,
My gal, Teuton!
 Your eye is on that sweet young thing?
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 Your battery of charms you'd bring,
 Your rayther guttural song you'd sing,
 But mark, she's underneath my wing.
My gal, Teuton!
 What say you to the dusky pet?—
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)

You peer into her eyes of jet,
 You woo, but you've not won her yet.
 My eye is on you, Boss, you bet!
My gal, Teuton!
 You'd clasp her to your beating heart!
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 From her old love you'd have her part.
 Wal, Stranger, guess you're all-fired smart,
 But Uncle SAM has got the start.
My gal, Teuton!
 You beam a broad Batavian smile,
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 You fancy here you have struck ile.
 But I shan't stand with nary rile,

Your bumptious, big European style,
My gal, Teuton!
 You'd take her home, Boss, in your train?
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 My lusty LOCHINVAR, restrain
 Your love of foreign gals and gain.
 Under my charge she'd best remain,
My gal, Teuton!
 You think she's nice, Boss, real jam?
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 Wal, Europe follows you like a lamb;
 That's not the sort of man I am.
 You've here to deal with Uncle SAM.
My gal, Teuton!

"GOOD-BYE. SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE!"



Farmer. "GOOD OLD MARE, MR. CHAPLIN!"

Mr. CH-FL-N sings:—

THY chances fade, thy strength seems
breaking,
Fails fast my old and fond belief.
From thee my leave I must be taking;
'Twas bliss too brief, 'twas bliss too brief.

Mr. Chaplin. "I'M SORRY TO PART WITH HER; BUT SHE'S NO LONGER UP TO MY WEIGHT."

How sinks my heart with sad regrets,
The tear is trickling from mine eye;
E'en JEM against thy chance doth bet.
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!

The hunt is up, my star seems soaring,
I rather think my course is clear;

But thou art stale, and given to roaring,
Mine ancient mount, of old so dear.
Since SALISBURY'S parted with "Fair
Trade,"
And I to office soon may hie,
I must change mounts, I'm much afraid.
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!

VERY MUCH ON GUARD.

THE Household Brigade are to be congratulated on the success of their theatrical entertainment at the Chelsea Barracks Theatre on Friday, the 1st of February. Everything was admirably done, and the performances went without a hitch from beginning to end. The *pièce de resistance*, a burlesque entitled "*The Real Truth about Ivanhoe or Scott Scotched*," was brightly written, and if containing here and there an old joke, was (so the audience seemed to think) none the worse for that. The author, Mr. E. C. NUGENT (late Grenadier Guards), had been fortunate enough to secure in Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON the best possible collaborateur to supply the necessary music—and luckily, a great deal of music seemed to be necessary. The play was full of tuneful songs and graceful dances, the latter executed to perfection by Miss KATE VAUGHAN and Miss JENNY McNULTY. But in spite of the pleasing efforts of these accomplished ladies, the music was the feature of the evening. It is clever to a degree, and there was scarcely a number that was not awarded the demand (not always granted) for an *encore*. So well were the audience pleased with Mr. SOLOMON'S work, that they honoured him with a special call at the end of the performances.

Of the actors, Lieutenant GEORGE NUGENT (Grenadier Guards), was far and away the best. Mr. NUGENT is really amusing, and were he to give up soldiering (which for the sake of the country, it is to be hoped he won't), might command an excellent salary as an actor on the professional boards. Lieutenants Sir AUGUSTUS WEBSTER and GEORGE MACDONALD (both of the Grenadier Guards), were also very good—for amateurs. It would be invidious to single out any other gallant officer for honourable mention, as they all individually and collectively attained to about the same level of excellence. And here it may be noted that the youthful subalterns (now immortalised) turned their professional knowledge to good account. Nothing could have

been better than their advance in line—they never lost touch either of themselves or the audience. TOMMY ATKINS (who was strongly represented at the back of the auditorium), seemed to greatly relish this extra drill—extra drill that had evidently emanated from the Stage Manager's sanctum after consultation with the Orderly Room. On the other hand, the Typical Hero of the Defaulter's Book seemed a little slow in recognising a clever travesty of a Sergeant's "instructions" on parade—perhaps the burlesque revived painful memories.

Before the piece of the evening, an original play, of very serious interest, called *In Honour Bound*, was performed. It went, however, with more laughter than tears, apparently because the audience had formed a wrong impression of its character. No doubt when Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY wrote the play, he intended its pathos should raise it (in spite of its tiny proportions), to the level of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, or even *Macbeth*. In spite of this, on Friday last, for some reason or other, *In Honour Bound* was undoubtedly accepted by the audience as a dangerous rival to *Box and Cox*—a farce it can scarcely be said, by the unprejudiced, to have resembled (even faintly) in any really important particular.

Naturally!

A RUSSIAN Mission has been sent
To Abyssinia, with intent

All Russophobes to shock again.
Probably, when it comes, *en bloc*,
To the French Station of Obok,

The French will say, "Obok (oh! bock) again!"

THE BEST TROOP OF SENSATION ACROBATS (engaged for several turns every night).—The London Fire Brigade.

PLAY-TIME.

THE revival of *Still Waters Run Deep* at the Criterion is, in every way remarkable, but especially so in the revelation of the real Mrs. Sternhold. But when once Mrs. BEERE had made up her mind as to how Mrs. Sternhold must be played, then the piece ought to have been re-modelled on the exact lines of CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette.

Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's acting is too powerful for the play as it is;



Little Wyndham putting down Big Hawksley. "Don't you try that again. Recollect it is a hale Lancashire Lad (myself) against a battered London Rousé—and you'll get the worst of it!"

though it would not be too powerful had TOM TAYLOR not so cleverly bowdlerised CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette, *Le Gendre*. She thrilled me,—I admit I am easily thrilled,—but such force is wasted on the Mrs. Sternhold whom the English playwright created. According to TOM TAYLOR, Mrs. Sternhold was only a vain, elderly woman, who had made a fool of herself; and not the French original, a guilty wife, jealous of her own daughter, or, it might have been, of her step-daughter, for it is a long time since I read *Le Gendre*. But, altogether, the acting at the Criterion is above the level of the play itself; though, with the exception of one scene, Mr. STANDING's *Captain Hawksley* is certainly below it.

The tone of every character in the piece must be taken from Mrs. Sternhold; and, if Mrs. Sternhold is not a vain, silly person

pour rire, but a clever woman who has indulged in an insane criminal passion for a scoundrel, then all the serious characters (the interest in whose actions depend solely on the interest we take in her) must be raised to almost tragic power of dramatic intensity. From the moment we have Mrs. BEERE portraying the guilty wife and jealous mother of DE BERNARD's story, instead of TOM TAYLOR's Brother Potter's sister,—a vain and middle-aged widow, a model of middle-class propriety, guilty only of the imprudence of having written love-letters to a swindler who had pretended a romantic affection for her,—the tone of the characters is entirely altered, and a tragic weight is imposed on a structure which is not calculated to support it. In a sentence—the comedy gives way under the force of the acting.

Miss MARY MOORE as the wife, in her great scene with Mrs. Sternhold, in the First Act, and her reconciliation with her husband at



Situation (not in the piece):—The hale Lancashire Lad puts his threat into execution, and chucks Captain Hawksley out of the window.

the end of the play, was simply perfect. No better contrast could there be than between Miss MOORE and Mrs. BEERE. Mr. WYNDHAM is in most serious earnest, and he could not give any other reading of his part when a Mrs. BEERE is playing Mrs. Sternhold with so much intensity. *Mildmay* can no longer chuckle to himself over her making "such a fool of herself," for this expression bears a very different meaning when applied to Mrs. BEERE's and CHARLES DE BERNARD's Mrs. Sternhold, instead of to Mrs. WIGAN's and TOM TAYLOR's Mrs. Sternhold. "Speak to my aunt," whispers Mrs. *Mildmay* to her husband, "as you have spoken to me;" and his reply, "I do not love her as I love you," was intended to be received with a laugh. Such a laugh relieved a pretty and touching situation, which was raised at the expense of TOM TAYLOR's elderly, made-up Mrs. Sternhold,—the audience perceived at once that the wife's request was ridiculous, and that the husband was only laughing at its absurdity. But when Mrs. Sternhold is such a woman as Mrs. BEERE, there is no joke about the matter, and not only is the request not absurd, but the reply ought not to raise a smile. TOM TAYLOR meant Mrs. Sternhold to be a ridiculous elderly person, painted and powdered, and fancying herself more attractive than her youthful niece; but Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's Mrs. Sternhold is BALZAC's *femme de trente ans*, a very dangerous person, against whom an ingénue like Miss MOORE's Mrs. *Mildmay* wouldn't have had a chance.

I cannot say that Mr. WYNDHAM either looks or speaks like a "hale Lancashire lad." That this broad-chested, jolly, healthy *Captain Hawksley* should cave in to the slight, natty *Mildmay*, is an additional tribute to the latter's physical and moral strength, and damning proof of the former's cowardice.

Mr. BLAKELEY is a capital Potter, but the comic old Potter's occupation is gone by the side of this new Mrs. Sternhold. Potter should have been restored to his proper position as the husband of Mrs. Sternhold. However, in the hands of Mr. BLAKELEY he is very funny.

Mr. GIDDENS gives a clever sketch of the bustling impecunious Irishman, *Dunblak*; but the type, like the name, is rather out of date. The house at Brompton (a locality which has been recently almost entirely absorbed in Kensington), where there is a flower and kitchen garden, to suit *Mildmay's* provincial tastes, is also strongly suggestive of the "long ago." When TOM TAYLOR wrote, Brompton possessed many such snuggeries; but now it would be difficult to find even one, almost as difficult as to define Brompton. In the Second Act the rapid change from the first to the second scene is managed in an incredibly short space of time—a very few seconds, in fact.

But to sum up—altogether an interesting evening, which much delighted JACK IN A BOX.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

January 1. — I had intended concluding my Diary last week, but a most important event has happened, so I shall continue for a little while longer on the fly-leaves attached to the end of my last year's Diary. It had just struck half-past one, and I was on the point of leaving the office to have my dinner, when I received a message that Mr. PERKUPP desired to see me at once. I must confess my heart began to beat, and I had most serious misgivings. Mr. PERKUPP was in his room, writing, and he said, "Take a seat, Mr. POOTER—I shall not be a moment." I replied, "No, thank you, Sir, I'll stand." I watched the clock on the mantelpiece, and I was waiting quite twenty minutes, but it seemed hours. Mr. PERKUPP at last got up himself. "I said, 'I hope there is nothing wrong, Sir?'" He replied, "Oh dear no—quite the reverse, I hope." What a weight off my mind! My breath seemed to come back again in an instant. Mr. PERKUPP said, "Mr. BUCKLING is going to retire, and there will be some slight changes in the office. You have been with us nearly twenty-one years, and, in consequence of your conduct during that period, we intend making a special promotion in your favour. We have not quite decided how you will be placed, but in any case there will be a considerable increase in your salary, which, it is quite unnecessary for me to say, you fully deserve. I have an appointment at two—but you shall hear more to-morrow." He then left the room quickly, and I was not even allowed time or thought to express a single word of grateful thanks to him. I need not say how dear CARRIE received this joyful news. With perfect simplicity she said—"At last we shall be able to have a chimney-glass for the back drawing-room, which we always wanted." I added, "Yes, and at last you shall have that little costume which you saw at PETER ROBINSON's so cheap."

January 2.—I was in a great state of suspense all day at the office. I did not like to worry Mr. PERKUPP, but as he did not send for me,

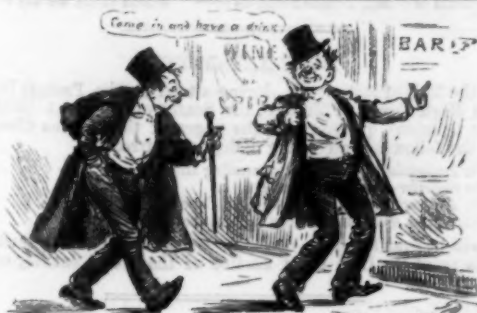


and mentioned yesterday that he would see me again to-day, I thought it better, perhaps, to go to him. I knocked at his door, and on entering, Mr. PERKUPP said, "Oh, it's you, Mr. Pooter—do you want to see me?" I said, "No, Sir—I thought you wanted to see me!" "Oh," he replied, "I remember. Well, I am very busy to-day, I will see you to-morrow."

January 3.—Still in a state of anxiety and excitement, which was not alleviated by ascertaining that Mr. PERKUPP sent word he should not be at the office at all to-day. In the evening LUPIN, who was busily engaged with a paper, said suddenly to me, "Do you know anything about *chalk pits*, Guv?" I said, "No, my boy, not that I'm aware of." LUPIN said, "Well, I give you the tip. *Chalk pits* are as safe as Consols, and pay six per cent. at par." I said a rather neat thing, viz:—"They may be six per cent. at par, but your Pa has no money to invest." CARRIE and I both roared with laughter. LUPIN did not take the slightest notice of the joke, although I purposely repeated it for him, but continued, "I give you the tip, that's all—*Chalk pits*!" I said another funny thing:—"Mind you don't fall into them!" LUPIN put on a supercilious smile, and said, "Bravo! JOE MILLER."

January 4.—Mr. PERKUPP sent for me and told me that my position would be that of one of the Chief Clerks. I was more than overjoyed. Mr. PERKUPP added he would let me know to-morrow what the salary would be. This means another day's anxiety. I don't mind, for it is anxiety of the right sort. That reminded me that I had forgotten to speak to LUPIN about the letter I received from Mr. MUTLAR, Senior. I broached the subject to LUPIN in the evening, having first consulted CARRIE. LUPIN was riveted to the "Financial News," as if he had been a born capitalist, and I said, "Pardon me a moment, LUPIN; how is it you have not told the MUTLARS any day this week?" LUPIN answered, "I told you—I cannot stand old MUTLAR." I said, "Mr. MUTLAR writes to me to say pretty plainly that he cannot stand you!" LUPIN said, "Well, I like his cheek in writing to you. I'll find out if his father is still alive, and I will write him a note complaining of his son, and I'll state pretty clearly that his son is a blithering idiot!" I said, "LUPIN, please moderate your expressions in the presence of your mother." LUPIN said, "I'm very sorry, but there is no other expression one can apply to him. However, I'm determined not to enter his place again." I said, "You know, LUPIN, he has forbidden you the house." LUPIN replied, "Well, we won't split straws—it's all the same. DAIK is a trump, and will wait for me ten years, if necessary."

January 5.—I can scarcely write the news. Mr. PERKUPP told me my salary would be raised £100. I stood gaping for a moment, unable to realise it. I annually get £10 rise, and I thought it might be £15, or even £20, but £100 surpasses all belief. CARRIE and I both rejoiced over our good fortune. LUPIN came home in the evening in the utmost good spirits. I sent SARAH quietly round to the grocer's for a bottle of champagne, the same as we had before, "JACKSON FRERES." It was opened at supper, and I said to LUPIN, "This is to celebrate some good news I have received to-day." LUPIN replied, "Hooray, Guv! And I have some good news also. A double event, eh?" I said, "My boy, as a result of twenty-one years' industry and strict attention to the interest of my superiors in office, I have been rewarded with promotion and a rise in salary of £100." LUPIN gave three cheers, and we rapped the tables furiously, which brought in SARAH to see what the matter was. LUPIN ordered us to "fill up" again, and addressing us upstanding, said, "Having been in the firm of JOB CLEANANDS, stock and sharebrokers, a few weeks, and not having paid particular attention to the interests of my superiors in office, my Guv'nor, as a reward to me, allotted me £5-worth of shares in a really good thing. The result is to-day I have made £200." I said, "LUPIN, you are joking." "No, Guv, it's the good old truth. JOB CLEANANDS put me on to *Chlorates*!"



"THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION."

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FOURTH EVENING.

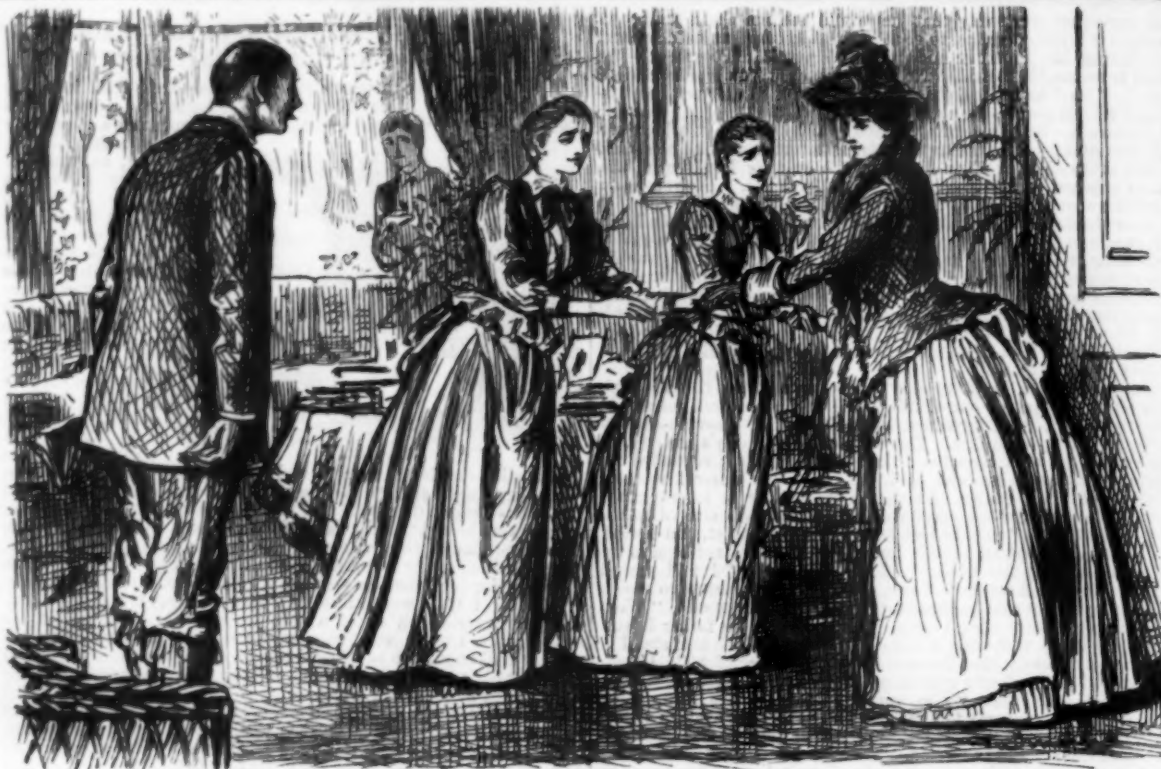
"Not long ago," so the Moon (male this time—fresh from Germany) told Mr. Punch, "I looked down upon the harbour of a town on the Red Sea. I peeped into a ship, which had been turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers."



For, as you probably know, the town (which is called Suakin) had been besieged on its land sides for months by a rabble of fanatical Dervishes, fierce and savage foes, who came close up to its walls, building forts, and digging trenches, from which, night and day, they poured shot and shell into

the crowded streets and bazaars, and killed several of the inhabitants. For a long time nothing was done to drive the besiegers away, but at last it was decided that some very active measures ought to be taken. Troops were brought, and a battle followed soon after, in which the Dervishes, though they were brave enemies, and fought gallantly, giving and expecting no quarter, were driven away without much difficulty, for the defenders were quite as brave, and more numerous. Still, some of them were killed, and many wounded, and the latter had been carried on board a ship to get well. In one of the hammocks a trooper was lying, who was getting better, and was already well enough to be allowed to read the newspapers which had been sent out to him from England. He was reading one of them now by the light of a lantern which hung near, and, as I shone in, I could read it too," said the Moon. "I think he was anxious to know what his countrymen at home were saying, and this paper was dated about the time that the news of the victory had arrived. As he spelt out the lines of print I saw his face (which was a good and honest one, but not very intellectual, perhaps), growing more and more puzzled, as if he found some difficulty in understanding what he read. Well, the newspapers told him that a considerable number of his fellow-countrymen—so far from regarding him and those who had fought with him as heroes, or even as brave men, who had performed an unpleasant duty, looked upon them as a set of cowardly butchers and murderers. He read that several clever and eloquent speakers in Parliament had denounced the victory as a disgrace, and declared that Suakin belonged by rights to those savage Arabs who had come across the Desert all the way from Khartoum to attack it, and who showed no mercy to man, woman, or child; that it was theirs, and ought to be given up to them. Now the poor wounded Trooper had never thought of himself as a hero—he had simply done his duty, that was all—and, though the enemy were only savages and fanatics, they had fought with desperate courage, and he had not imagined till then that there was anything disgraceful in defeating them—nor had I," said the Moon, "for that matter. But there it was, in black and white—all that the clever men who wrote in papers or made speeches thought of the affair, and he was very much troubled in his mind about it. At last he told his neighbour what was worrying him, and asked his opinion. His neighbour was the Sergeant-Major of his troop, who had also been in the battle—he had narrowly escaped being killed, for his sabre had snapped short off, and his revolver refused to go off at the right moment, so he was lucky in being only severely wounded. The Sergeant-Major heard the whole account placidly enough. 'Don't you bother your head about it!' he said, feebly; 'they wouldn't go calling us them names, and backing up them dirty Arabs, if it warn't on account of politics—it's all politics, and don't mean anything in particular.' 'They do say we ought to ha' tried kindness on 'em, though,' said the Trooper, doubtfully. 'Kindness!' said the Sergeant-Major—'let 'em come out here, and try it themselves! It's easy talking of being kind to a howling savage, as keeps pot-shooting at you with a Remington, or jobbing at you with a spear—but it ain't the way to raise a siege, not to my thinking, it isn't;—but there, as I said before, it's only politics. Bless you, they don't believe it themselves, some on 'em—leastways, it's to be hoped not!' So the Trooper lay still with an easier expression—but I noticed," added the Moon, "that he did not finish reading his newspaper."

SOUDAN THOUGHT.—We've heard a good deal lately of "the Kabbabish men." Several correspondents want to know if these are Hansom Kabbabish men or Growlers?



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

The Miss Browns. "OH, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MARY! BUT WE'VE SUCH DREADFUL COLDS, WE CAN'T KISS YOU, DEAR. WE CAN ONLY SHAKE HANDS!" *Fair Visitor.* "OH DEAR, HOW SAD! I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A COLD, MR. BROWN!"

MR. BOULANGER AS "GENERAL BUONAPARTE."

PENNY PLAIN; TWOPENCE COLOURED.

"To vote for General BOULANGER is to vote for a General who has gained no victory."—M. JULES SIMON.

"No Victory?" Nay, simple SIMON, you're wrong;
He has gained the old Victory, often repeated,
Of blague over blindness. It fetches the throng,
That flamboyant figure so flauntingly seated.
Just look at it! Boys at its majesty melt,
Though manhood may see 'tis a sketch *à la* SKELT.

SKELT's heroes were rather unreal, of course;
But they knew how to stride, and to swagger and straddle,
To prance and curvet on a high-rearing horse.
Yet keep, to the eye, a firm seat in the saddle.
A circus Bucephalus looks a fine thing
As it scatters the sawdust and ramps round the ring.

Houp-là! It is hardly heroic, that shout,
Not a war-cry of ROLAND or BAYARD precisely.
At Ivry it would not have answered, no doubt,
But for Paris to-day it will do very nicely.
A histrion hollow shows better, one feels,
Than a bourgeois who blunders, a "Statesman" who steals.

He looks fierce as an Indian hunter of scalps,
As fine as MURAT when he led a battalion.
There's a touch of NAPOLEON crossing the Alps.
You call him a hero *pour rire*, a rascalion?
Ah, well, his success mediocrity shames;
So there's not much advantage in calling him names.

Were subjects not foolish, how feeble were kings!
'Tis noodles and numskulls make BOMAS and NEUMAS.
If Friends of the People were not such poor things,
We should not be troubled with so many "heroes."
Till the clever are true and the honest are wise,
The world will be led by the nose and the eyes.

Till then,—well, *que voulez-vous?* "These be your gods,
O Israel!" Truly a glorious attitude!
Apollo-like graces and Jovian nods
Lend grace to pretence and give power to platitude.
The frog-world a King Stork from Olympus still begs,
So they mustn't find fault with his beak or his legs.

See how 'twixt the legs of this Skeltian chief
Show towers and buildings in Skeltian perspective!
He'll trample them down? 'Tis a natural belief,
But a true point of sight of that fear is corrective.
Rhodes' straddling Colossus was but a mere trifle—
Except in Skelt sketch—to the Tower of Eiffel.

Penny plain, twopence coloured! Some sinister hands
Have worked at this picture with paint-brush and pencil.
A curious joint-labour of Ishmael bands!
Which smacks, after all, of the paste-pot and tinsel.
In the Penny Stage phrase of an earlier day,
This is "Mr. BOULANGER as ——" whom shall we say?

BUTT AND BUTTER.

On the 30th of last month, during a trial in the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL (with him Public Opinion), quoted from the pages of the *London Charivari*, when the following interesting dialogue occurred:—

"Mr. Inderwick. What are you reading from?"

"The Solicitor-General. From *Punch*."

"Mr. Inderwick. But I do not accept *Punch* as evidence."

"Mr. Justice Butt. It is a very high authority."

It will be gratifying, no doubt, to Mr. Justice BUTT to learn that on this point the Lord Chief Justice of the World entirely concurs in his opinion.

RECENT EXERCISE AT MONTE CARLO.—Mr. W. H. SMITH and Mr. RITCHIE used to go "*à cheval*" every day for several turns.



MR. BOULANGER AS "GENERAL BUONAPARTE."

PENNY PLAIN—TWOPENCE COLOURED.

(From Mr. Punch's Theatrical Portrait Gallery.)



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY



CONTRASTS.

No. II.—ROTTEN ROW. BETWEEN TWELVE AND TWO, MIDDAY.

QUITE OUT OF DATE. 1885.

QUITE THE THING. 1888—9.

THE LAST OF THEM.

A Fragmentary Peep into the Future.

"Last night I spoke of guns, of ships, of rifles, and how guns, ships, and rifles became obsolete in a very few years through the great enthusiasm of inventors."—*Mr. Goschen at the Portman Rooms.*

It was a secret, sombre, subterranean den, lying deep down under the bed of the river, approached through a perfect maze of passages, and lighted only by the latest artificial light. As two-penny-worth of this light, however, was warranted to illumine a million square feet of cellage for twelve calendar months, it had been rigorously suppressed in the interests of that monstrous monopoly the Automatic-Accumulator-Solar-Ray-Direct-Storage Syndicate.

He was a wretched-looking creature, the sole occupant of this Cave of Trophonius, a cross between an Alchemist and an Apparitor, as weirdly wizen as the former, as darkly disguised as the latter.

"Eureka!" he yelled with a triumphant shriek. It shook the complicated cranks and cordage which made his cell look like a metallic spider's web, and startled the passengers on board the "Noctivagant Nautilus," one of the new line of Moon-Motor Citizen Boats which ran from Battersea to the Tower Stairs for one half-penny in two minutes, thirty seconds and one-tenth.

"Fool!" he muttered, half throttling himself with his own skeleton hand. "When shall I subdue my accursed, unfashionable, world-proscribed enthusiasm to discreet silence? That idiotic howl is quite sufficient to put my relentless pursuers on my track. And just as I have perfected my long-meditated plan for an Automatic, Lightning-charged-Thunderbolt-hurling-Self-steering-Adamant-plated-Aluminium Fleet too!!! But, after all, what matters? *Cui bono?* What Capitalist will take it up?—what Admiralty adopt it?—what Nation pay for it? Above all, what Chancellor of the Exchequer—the curse of Science on the sordid breed!—will permit so much as the appearance of the merest model of it? No, that last atrocious Act for the Absolute Suppression of Inventors has settled my hash. In these ultra-humanitarian days, too, when capital punishment, save for Inventors, has been entirely abolished!"

He sank down upon an Iridium anvil, cast his arms around a retort of pure transparent Diamond, and wept tears sufficient to float his own Aluminium Fleet.

"And WHY?" he shouted, rousing himself at last, and apparently

addressing the highly-finished model of a hundred-pounder gun capable of being packed in a hat-box, which hung beside a waist-coat-pocket torpedo.

He was answered, but not in the way he expected. The door of his den was suddenly opened, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer clad, like all officials of the time, in complete anti-dynamite-asbestos-cum-adamant mail, appeared at the head of a detachment of the new Volcanic-Vulcanite-clad force of Police known as the Vesuvian Invulnerables. These formed a cordon around the now entirely crushed Troglodyte of the Thames.

"WHY?" echoed the Chancellor, in tones of spirit-palsying severity. "Wretched man, too well you know. Else, why hide you here in this new Cyclops cavern of inventive infamy? Are you not of those, traitors to Thrift, defiers of Rhadamanthian Law, disturbers of Procrustean Order, who already have nearly been the ruin of the State. Is it not owing to you and your kind that Salisbury Plain is piled Pyramid-high with the wreckage of obsolete ships, the *débris* of exploded guns, and the refuse of useless rifles, a Pelion-upon-Ossa of rusty ironmongery, which originally cost a mountain of gold, and is now not worth carting away as old metal? Have you, and men of your pernicious sort, not for many years led nations a ruinous dance of Experimental Emulation in Systematic Slaughter? Have you not played Old Gooseberry with European Exchequers, and made the Lives of the Chancellors a burden to them? Have you not seduced peoples by the perilous path of Patents to the very verge of the fathomless gulf of International Insolvency? Have you not rendered necessary the passing of a Draconic Code of Anti-Scientific Enactments compared with which the Irish Penal Laws were mere legislative pleasantries, and Mr. BALFOUR's treatment of O'BRIEN a benevolent jest. In short, are you not an Enthusiast, and—oh! culmination of unpatriotic infamy!—an Inventor?"

The crushed caiff, the villainous victim of ardent scheming, the persistent planner of expensive improvements, sank prostrate on the floor of the Cyclopean cavern. He had not a word to say for himself.

"Thank Heaven, you are the sole survivor of the malignant brood!" continued the Chancellor, with ultra-official fervour. "I have been on your serpent-track for years; at last, I catch you in your own wicked web. (That is a mixed metaphor—but no matter!) Seize him, Bobbies—I mean Vesuvian Invulnerables! Away with him to a dungeon even deeper and dirtier than his own! The Public, so long the prey of Patentees, the paying victim of Science's colossal Game of Brag, will view with pleasure the ignominious ending of The Last of the Inventors!!!"



"SHOPPY"!

Uxorious Editor (in his Honeymoon). "KISS ME, DARLING—'NOT NECESSARILY FOR PUBLICATION, BUT AS A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH'!" [Smack!]

HELP FOR YELPERS.

How to make the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea pay. With compliments to the President, Committee, and all others connected with that admirable Institution.

1. Turn it into a Limited Liability Company; all Dog-owners in the Home Counties to be compelled to take so many shares.

2. Take a leaf out of the book of Madame TISSAUD and the Chamber of Horrors. Allow an extra charge of one shilling to be made to all visitors desirous to see Dr. RICHARDSON'S Lethal Chamber at work, wherein dogs of all kinds are painlessly converted into excellent top-dressing.

3. Strengthen the Committee by a greater infusion into it of the practical male element, eliminating a good deal of the sentimental feminine ditto.

4. Get an experienced Dog-trainer to select the cleverest of the lost, teach them to jump through hoops and climb up ladders, and so gain bones for themselves and sinews (of war) for the Home.

5. Throw open the official posts to public competition, with special invitation to TOBY, M.P., Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and other first-rate organisers and popular caterers; the Committee,

however, not binding themselves to accept the highest, or the lowest, or the medium tender.

6. See that, when an owner comes and gives a full description of his lost hound, a notice is sent to him as soon as a dog answering that description is received at the Home. This simple expedient will obviate the exasperating nuisance of owners being—as now—compelled to come twice a week to the Home for months, on the chance of their pet having unexpectedly arrived in the last batch of street dere-licks.

7. Welcome the coming, get a fee out of the parting, visitor.

8. Muzzle Cerberus.

9. See that valuable dogs find their owners; and apply a general tonic—a course of bark, for example—to the whole management.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

THE SONG OF A SNUBBED ONE.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

WOLSELEY, our Alexander,
GOSCHEN, our Hercules,
And many a great commander
And statesman like to these,
E'en JOE, the Brum's pet hero,
When he'd elicit cheers,
Talk bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow
On the British Volunteers.

Right coolly we're commanded
From Wimbledon to cut,
They flout remonstrance banded,
Our mouths we're bid to shut.
But always after dinner,
They, dropping snubs and sneers,
Talk bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow,
At the British Volunteers.

We're clerks and counter-jumpers
In soldier's garb, they say,
Yet drink our health in bumpers
In this post-prandial way.
We wish they'd do us justice,
These spouting Pots and Peers,
And not talk bow-wow-wow-wow
On the British Volunteers!

BETTERS AND GAMBLERS.

MR. PUNCH.—There is unquestionably one law for the Poor, and another for the Rich, or rather for the Ungenteel in comparison with the Genteel. People who can afford to risk any money at all in betting, are not poor; and others, that can't afford to risk large sums on the Turf, or in any other form of gambling, but, with expensive establishments to maintain, do yet risk them, are not rich. Their expenditure exceeds their incomes. They require to be protected against themselves and their gambling propensities, equally with the gentlemen of the pavement and the public-houses. But this protection is denied the poor wealthy. Every daily newspaper almost, records a "raid" effected by the Police on a licensed victualler's premises allowed to be used by small gamblers for the purpose of betting and playing games of hazard. No matter if these be partly games of skill—like "skittle pool," and that the ventures are no higher than threepenny, sixpenny, and shilling stakes. The gamblers and their host are liable to be fined, and are fined accordingly, and sent to prison if they can't pay,—very much to encourage the others.

But, Sir, you know that we never see reported a raid or a foray executed by the Police on any of the premises constantly used for betting by noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Turf or Stock Exchange. Now, don't you think that these great gam-



blers are quite as much entitled to be protected from their vicious and ruinous propensities as even the small urchin who ever and anon gets himself run in for the crime of playing at pitch-and-toss in a public thoroughfare or street corner?
I write under feelings of mingled sorrow and indignation espe-

cially at the reckless gambling in the form of bull and bear speculations in stocks and shares which I am grieved and shocked to see permitted every day of my life almost, except Sundays, in my experience of the Money Market and the City; and remain,
Ever yours, truly, AN HONEST BROKER.

A HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE.



Mr. W. H. Smith, on his return from Monte Carlo, regrets that he didn't "leave it on."

GIVING THEM THEIR CHARACTERS.

THE quite novel light shed recently at the Lyceum on the characters of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* respectively, to say nothing of Mrs. LANGTRY'S New York revival, and the hundred-and-one on *dis* in relation to Mr. MANSFIELD'S forthcoming much-talked-of production at the Globe, have all helped to stir the "New Reading" discoverers into a state of unwonted activity. Subjoined are a few of their latest suggestions:—

A propos of Macbeth, "A SIXTY YEARS STUDENT" writes:—"By all means let *Macbeth* turn out to be a rather jovial, nice-minded, pleasant-spoken sort of fellow, and his wife a good-natured and affectionate creature, with an eye to business, and never so wide awake as when in the Sleep-walking Scene, but this doesn't half do away with the Tragedy. *Duncan* should be the real ruffian, on which the whole of the ghastly business turns, arriving at the castle in an advanced stage of *delirium tremens*, in a fit of which it is evident that, at a later hour, he commits suicide. That he is hopelessly drunk on his arrival, is clearly indicated in the text, for he addresses *Lady Macbeth* with the line—

"Give me your hand: conduct me to mine host."

"Then, stumbling up against her with the words:—

"By your leave, hostess!"

reels up the steps into the Castle. I take it this gives us all we want to clear the characters of our hero and heroine. As for *Banquo*'s appearance, mind you, *after supper*, that can obviously be set down to an acute form of indigestion."

Dealing with *Hamlet*, in a similarly critical spirit, "A REASONING ROSCIUS" remarks:—"As to the Dane being off his head, this is simply absurd. His game is evidently Spiritualism. He ought to go through the usual hanky-panky, table-turning with *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and *Bernardo*, and then, after eliciting a succession of raps, dismiss them, and fetching out the regular Dark Séance Cabinet, finish up with the usual illuminated banjo business, during which he carries on his conversation with the Ghost, whose head appears at a hole in the cabinet-door covered with phosphorus, according to the accepted text, modified here and there, of course, to suit the varying situations. I must add, that *Hamlet* must, by no means, be made up 'young.' The Queen refers to him near the end of the play as being 'fat, and scant of breath,' thereby clearly indicating that to represent him even as a heavy, obese, middle-aged, overgrown sort of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF would be only to err in the right direction. He should be a coarse ponderous hulking fellow of about five and fifty. This would help to carry off his philosophy, and, in some measure, explain his peculiar conduct to *Ophelia*."

With regard to *Othello*, "A GENUINE LOVER OF HUMOROUS COMEDY" writes:—"I cannot conceive a more wanton distortion of the merry Moor's obvious characteristics than the usually accepted view of him which stamps him as 'jealous.' Why? The charge is

monstrous! The key to his character is simply his keen relish of a thoroughly good practical joke. His accidental smothering of *Desdemona* is evidently one of these. He ought to come on in all the earlier scenes with a banjo, to carry out the idea of his being not the Moor, but the *Moore* and *Burgess* corner-man of Venice. I am not sure that I wouldn't dress him in red-and-white-striped trousers, a long blue-tailed coat, a shirt-frill and a large white tie. But this is a detail."

"RICHARDSON REDIVIVUS" after insisting that *King Lear* is the most "mirth-provoking character" SHAKESPEARE ever drew, and that all his scenes with his daughters, if rightly understood, should be hailed by any intelligent audience as regular "side-splitters," passes on to the consideration of *Paul Pry*, who, he says, after a good deal of mature scholarly reflection, he has discovered to be not a comic character at all, but a melodramatic villain of the deepest dye. He argues against his carrying an umbrella, insisting that he should be provided instead with a long Spanish stiletto, and an ample and mysterious cloak. He further lays great stress on the fact, that whenever he enters with his catch phrase of "I hope I don't intrude," he ought to appear with blue fire, either through a vampire-trap or secret panel, and not quit the stage before he has stabbed somebody. He adds, in conclusion, that he has forwarded all his notes on the subject to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, in the hope that the popular Comedian will see his way to their adoption on the next occasion of his reviving the well-known piece.

LINES SUGGESTED BY AN ELECTOR.

How happy is the Party penman's lot,
Whether he wins or loses all is well.
What though the counted votes against him tot?
Success in failure his keen scent can smell.
Loudly he crows when he the leek has eaten,
And ne'er is so triumphant as when beaten.
Equal to either fortune? Better far.
He snatches happy omens from defeat;
Winning, he loudly thanks his lucky star,
Losing, he finds in loss a savour sweet,
Like one who with two-headed coin doth toss,
Loss is but gain, but gain is never loss!

THE (NEARLY) PERFECT ENGLISHMAN.

(Translated from the French Press.)

Oh, yes, the brave General is an Englishman. His mother—ah, his dear, dear mother!—before she married his father, was an English "Mees." She was a perfect specimen! Tall, long, fair hair; beautiful and much-exposed front teeth! Thus, he is right—the brave General to be proud of his English blood! For he has many of the characteristics of the native of Albion—not *per sé*, but White-cliffed Albion. He eats *rosbif* and drinks *portare-biere* for breakfast; and when he is greatly moved, he cries with tears in his voice, "Oh, Shocking!" Then, who has not seen him with his *boule-dogue* with its blue ribbon collar and silver bell? This *boule-dogue* was born in the most fashionable part of London—Vauxhall Bridge Road—and is called "Auguste." Both the brave General and the *boule-dogue* are English to the backbone. The *boule-dogue* is fond of sport—he is pleased to jump through a hoop, and can dance the polka on his hind-legs. It is only natural that he should fear rats. But the mice! Ah! he can hunt the mice!

The brave General is an expert at all English sports! Ah! how he plays the cricket! It is wonderful to see him in his flannel shirt (worn over a well-starched linen one), walking at every "over" from one set of the stumps to the other set of the stumps! As a General, of course, the Elected of the Seine wears spurs at all times. At the cricket his spurs assist him in catching the ball.

Then at the lawn-tennis! Oh, the brave General knows well how to play! Often he touches the ball with his bat, although he can miss it. Ah, yes! how well, with what grace, he can miss it! And when he does touch the ball with his bat, with what terrible force does he drive it against the net!

But, before all and above all, he is a sportsman! Of course he wears his uniform, but that does not prevent him from putting a long hunting-horn round his body, nor carrying a game-bag attached to a thin silken cord hanging by his side. And his patent leather shooting shoes! And his white kid gloves! Ah, he is charming! And it is then that Auguste distinguishes himself! The brave dog and the brave General hunt together. They thoroughly understand each other. Auguste examines the bushes, the ditches, the shop-windows! At length the fox is found, and then the brave General, drawing his sword, gives Reynard his *coup de grace*! Ah, indeed, BOULANGER is a perfect Englishman-jockey, gentleman-rider! I who write this wish him every success. (Signed) HENRI PUMP.

Of the Anglo-French Press.

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

For Sale. For Sale.
7 years, Very Fine, 48s. 22s.
10 " Extra Fine, 60s. 28s.
15 " For Invalids, 72s. 34s.
25 " Finest Liqueur, 120s. ...

MOREL BROS., COBBETT & SON
(LIMITED),
210 & 211, PICCADILLY;
18 & 19, Pall Mall.

Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

CORK DISTILLERIES CO.'S OLD IRISH WHISKY

Our verdict will approve the statement. "It is as
good as one could wish." 5 Prize Medals at London
Exhibition. To be had of principal Spirit Dealers
or supplied to wholesale merchants in casks and
cases. CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY, Ltd.,
MORRISON'S ISLAND, CORK.

ALLMAN'S WHISKEY



RANDOLPH DISTILLERY
Established 1825

To be had at Clubs, Hotels, and
Restaurants, and in casks of all
Wholesale Wine and Spirit
Merchants throughout the
United Kingdom and Colonies.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

KINAHAN'S "THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKY."

PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.
GREAT FITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

EXSHAW & CO.'S FINEST OLD BRANDY.

For Sale. In Cases as Imported.
W. W. EXSHAW & Co., 205, Regent Street, W.



THE DIAMOND MARK.

TO SECURE THE BEST
HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER,
DEMAND THE
DIAMOND MARK,
and insist upon receiving the
HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER
SOLD BY THE
Apollinaris Co. Limited,
LONDON.
Sole Distributors for Mineral Water Dealers.

S. & H. HARRIS'S HARNESS COMPOSITION SADDLE PASTE

Hold by all Saddlers, Grocers, and Ironmongers. Manufactory: LONDON, E.

NEAVE'S FOOD

BEST AND CHEAPEST.



HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.

Daily yield 907,600 gallons, at a temperature of
117° to 130°.
Baths founded at Bath by the Romans in the First
Century. The waters are well known as being most
valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin
Affections. The Corporation of Bath have recently
enlarged and perfected the Baths at great expense.
In the words of one of the greatest Hygienic
Physicians, THE BATHS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN
EUROPE. Hand Daily in the Pump-Room. Letters
to the Manager will receive attention and every
information.

LEA & PERRINS'S SAUCE.

In consequence of imitations of
LEA & PERRINS'S SAUCE,
which are calculated to deceive the Public,
LEA & PERRINS beg to draw attention to the fact that
each bottle of the Original and Genuine
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
bears their signature, thus—



* * Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester,
Goswold & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen
generally.
Retail by Dealers in Liquors throughout the World.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER. EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Specialties in FINE PERFUMERY and TOILET SOAPS.



ROYAL THRUPAGE SOAP
and VELOURINE SOAP
Highly recommended by the medical faculty
for promoting a healthy condition of the skin
and beautifying the complexion.
Our latest Perfumes for the Handkerchief
FLEUR DE LOTUS | KI-LOE DU JAPON
MELBA | VIOLETTE BLANCHE
Of all High-Class Perfumers and Chemists.
Wholesale: OSBORNE GARRETT & Co., London, W.

HOOPING COUGH—BOCHE'S

REMARKABLE REMEDY. The celebrated
effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole
Wholesale Agents, W. HARRISON & Son, 107, Queen
Victoria Street (formerly of 81, St. Paul's Church-
yard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

KROPP'S RAZOR

GUARANTEED PERFECT. NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.
Sole of Dealers, Birmingham, 11, Bull Street, London, E.

EBONITE BLACKING POLISHING PASTE

For Cleaning Metals and Glass.

"A DAILY TREAT." TOWER TEA.

SOLD IN EVERY TOWN.



TIME TRIES ALL THINGS COCKS' READING SAUCE

Has stood the
test of time.
First introduced to the Public in
1789. In this year celebrates its
Centenary.
For 100 Years it has been the
BEST FISH SAUCE.
The Genuine is Protected by Trade
Mark, viz. CHARLES COCK'S SIG-
NATURE, on a White Ground, across the
Reading Arms.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

to MILWARD'S CALYX-EYED NEEDLES,
which require no threading:—"I am glad to be
able to state my appreciation of the Calyx-Eyed.
After constant use of them for nearly 12 months
(although the work has been sometimes of an
exceptionally heavy kind), I have broken only three
needles, and draws back the thread through the
slit only about as many times.—A. R. Brighton."
Sample packet free from Washford Mills, Huddersfield.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEADACHE,
HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
280, BOND STREET, and all Chemists.

SAVAR'S CUBEB CIGARETTES.

Cubeba, Stramonium, and
Cannab. Ind. Always relieve,
and frequently cure Asthma,
Throat Cough, Bronchitis,
Influenza. One Cigarette
insures a good night's rest.
Box of 15, 1s.; 25, 1s. 6d.
Full directions. All Chemists.

FOR DELICATE CHILDREN. SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

A PHOSPHATIC FOOD.
In Bottles, 2s., 3s., 6d., and 1s. each of Chemists,
Or by Parcel Post free direct from
SQUIRE & SONS,
115, MAJESTY'S CHAMBERS,
415, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY
ACTION OF THE SKIN.
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC
SOAP FOR THE SKIN.
FOR THE TREATMENT OF
DISEASES.
TABLETS 6d. each.
RECOMMENDED BY
THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

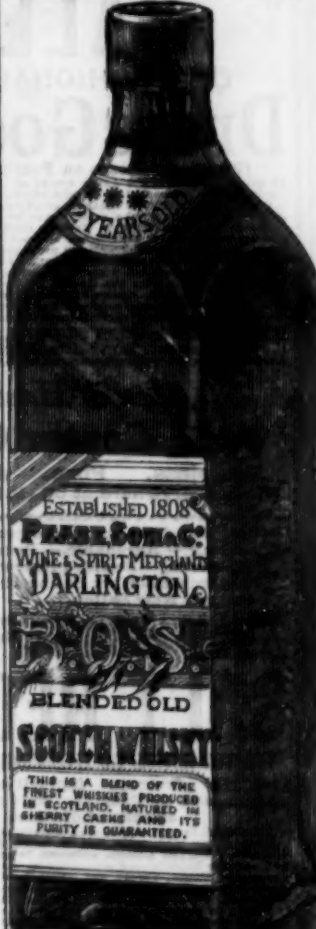
'THE REAL CUP O' KINDNESS.'

A Perfect Blending of the CHOICEST
BRANDS of the Highest Classes of
Fine Old Whiskies, in their Native
purity, as produced in Scotland,
absolutely untampered with.

Matured in 12 Years' Old. Age positively
guaranteed.
A LUXURY IN PURE SCOTCH WHISKIES.
Name, Brand, and Registered Trade Mark.

B.O.S.

BLENDED OLD SCOTCH.
An exquisite Blending—So harmonious in
combination—So evenly balanced—So deli-
cately toned—A flavour so rare—So tantaliz-
ingly pleasant on the Palate—Possessing
character so novel and so entirely its own,
that it may fairly claim the very first place
among high-class stimulants. Clever judges
pronounce it "unique and unrivalled."



B.O.S. is remarkable for its "delicious
individuality of flavour," mildness and
softness on the palate.

Twelve Years Old 50s. per Dozen.
Eight " 45s. "
Five " 42s. "

Carriage Paid on Cases of 1 doz. and upwards.
B.O.S. is sold in square white bottles six to
the gallon, labelled and capped.
Cases charged 2s. per Dozen, allowed for
when returned, and 1s. per Dozen allowed
for empty B.O.S. bottles.
The Proprietors are skilled blenders of
Scotch Whiskies. No confidant are they of
its appreciation by Connoisseurs, that they
will send a single Sample Bottle, Carriage
Paid, anywhere in the United Kingdom, for
2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s., respectively.

PEASE, SON & CO.,
DARLINGTON, DURHAM, ENGLAND.
AND AT 34, QUALITY STREET, LEITH.
ESTABLISHED 1808.
Please mention this paper when ordering.

The GOLD MEDAL
of the
International Health
Exhibition, London,
has been awarded for
this Food;
and it is recommended
by the LANCET
and the
entire Medical Press.



The LANCET Medical Journal
says:—"Benger's Food has by its
excellence established a reputation
of its own."
The LANCET Medical Journal
says:—"It is retained when all
other Foods are rejected."
TINS—in 3d., 6d., and 1s., of
Chemists, &c., Everywhere, or Free
from the Maker,
MOTTERHEAD & CO.,
7, Exchange St., and Other Works,
MANCHESTER.

MANUFACTURERS'
CLEARANCE from the MILLS.
**GIGANTIC
SALE**
OF FASHIONABLE
Dress Goods

(Positively Closes on February 15.)

To quickly dispose of the large stocks of New Fashionable
Goods left over consequent on the mid winter, HENRY FRASE
& CO.'S SUCCESSORS are making great concessions in price.
Full Dress Lengths of the most exquisite and fashionable
Materials for a few shillings. Patterns marked down in price,
sent free on approval to any address. Ladies will be surrounded at
the value offered, and the manner in which the prices have been
marked down to effect a speedy clearance. All parcels Carriage
Paid in Great Britain. A Telegram to "SUCCESSORS,
Darlington," will bring the Clearance List of Patterns
(containing an unlimited choice) by return of post. Never before
have such bargains been possible. Any length cut, and any
article not approved will be changed within seven days.

HY. FRASE & CO.'S SUCCESSORS, Spinners and
Manufacturers, The Mills, Darlington.

Allen & Hanburys'
A Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/4.

"Salt Regal is a grateful cup at all times.
Refreshing—Agreeable—Recuperative—
Health-giving—Health-preserving—Quite
distinct from all other Saline Preparations.
An entirely New Saline."

Protected by H.M. Over Fifty Patents,
Royal Registrations, and
Letters Patent. Trade Marks.

SALT REGAL

THE NEW ANTISEPTIC EFFERVESCENT SALINE.
Instantly destroys impurities in the
system, and fortifies the body against the
attacks of disease.

SALT REGAL is not a copy of or an imitation of any previously
existing Saline preparation, but an entirely new invention,
in which principles hitherto unknown to science have been
applied in the formation of a perfect saline. SALT REGAL will
cleanse the Mouth, Throat, and Stomach at one operation,
dispelling Bile Headache like a charm, and speedily eradicating
Flatulence, Feverishness, Acidity, and all kindred troubles,
imparting to the system a vigorous tone of exhilaration. No
depressing influence on either the use. SALT REGAL changes to a
pale colour during effervescence, and develops an antiseptic
thus possessing a distinct individuality. Messrs. FRITH & CO.
will pay handsomely for satisfactory evidence of infringement of
either their Patents or Trade Marks. SALT REGAL is not only
a delightful drink for the hot weather, but for all seasons, all
climates, all the year round. In bottles hermetically sealed, 3d., 6d.,
of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Patentees and Sole Proprietors, FRITH & CO.,
SALT REGAL WORKS, FLEET STREET, LIVERPOOL.
LONDON DEPOT: 30, LIME STREET, E.C.



CADBURY'S
COCOA IS ABSOLUTELY PURE